

How Do You Eat An Oreo 2/2

by cerise

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Summary: Just a bit of fluff, no point, no plot, no porn-- no angst, just fun, I hope

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Disclaimer: Don't own 'em, I'll put them back where they belong when I'm done playing. Many mumbles about Joss, HIM, WB, Fox, Mutant Enemy and anyone else with a legal claim--not me.

>
Rating: PG for mild language and sexual references

>
Spoilers: Maybe tiny ones for Doomed

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Distribution: TO FINNatics. Review is OK

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Set between Doomed and A New Man, if anywhere. In my little universe, for the purposes of this story, there's only one day between the two episodes. Don't argue logic with me! It's just a story. It's just... it's easier for me that way! Suspension of disbelief, people! :)

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>

>"Heh. Wouldn't you like to know!" Riley said to Forrest as they came into the building.

>At his heels, Forrest laughed. "Yeah man, I would!"

>Riley just shook his head and then his progress was halted by the sight of a small gorgeous blonde sitting alone at a table in the back of the student lounge. "Buffy!"

>"Yeah, I know Riley, Buffy Buffy Buffy."

>"No, Forrest," Riley interrupted "There Buffy." and he pointed. The gesture was unnecessary though, as his feet were already headed in the direction he'd indicated without a look at his friend.

>Forrest rolled his eyes and followed. He mumbled to himself, "and there goes that hoops lesson..."

>Buffy was intent on her writing until a shadow fell across her table, and she was delighted when she looked up and saw Riley, barely

noticing Forrest behind him. "Hi, " she said softly, as she flipped her notebook closed and leaned forward and rested her forearms on it. Riley grinned back and answered, "Hi yourself." Buffy met his eyes and couldn't stop smiling at him, and who knows how long that would have gone on if Forrest hadn't snorted and purposely jostled Riley and took a seat.

>"Might as well sit down, looks like this could go on all day!" Riley ducked his head and Buffy blinked and looked away, coloring slightly, and then tried to cover by inviting Riley to sit down. And he did, rounding the table to sit next to her.

>"Again with the grinning. You two are pathetic!" Forrest broke in again, as Riley and Buffy found themselves lost in grinning goofiness yet again. Embarrassed, the two looked away from each other and Buffy played hostess (for her own nefarious purposes, she thought to herself) by offering the two guys cookies.

>Forrest was already leaned back in his chair, watching the comings and goings in the lounge, and more interested in the women who passed through than the cookies. Still, he took one absently, bit off about half the cookie, chewed and swallowed, and finished the rest. Without paying much attention, he picked up another cookie and finished it the same way, and then asked Buffy if she had any other kind.

>"Why, don't you like oreos?" Buffy asked. She was happy to have something to do, to distract Riley, because she suddenly realized he had been watching her watching Forrest and she definitely didn't want him to get the wrong idea.

>"Oreos are ok, but ya know what they say, variety is the spice of life. One or two of these, I'm done, I'm ready for something different." Forrest answered. Buffy smiled to herself. No big surprise there!

>Buffy turned to Riley, who was just sitting back with a look on his face that pretty much said he was right where he wanted to be. She pushed the package of oreos toward him. "So, um, you want?"

>Riley smiled and leaned forward and took a cookie. "Sure. I'm a growing boy, you know, gotta keep my strength up."

>Forrest let out a whistle. "Would you look at *that*!" Riley and Buffy turned their heads to see.

>Riley grimaced. "Of course, a blonde."

>Buffy asked, "What Forrest, have a thing for blondes?"

>Forrest turned back to her and said with a grin, "Blondes. Brunettes, Redheads. You name it."

>Buffy laughed at his outspoken lust for all things woman, and Riley joined in. At this unspoken approval, Forrest started a running commentary on all the women who passed through the room; their attributes, and he seemed to find something to appreciate about every woman who passed through.

>As Forrest went on, Buffy smiled at Riley, and he smiled back, careful to keep his lips closed and avoid showing blackened teeth, and Buffy thought, "Oh no, I missed it! How did *he* eat his cookie!" Riley inhaled funny just then and started to really cough, and Buffy looked at him, concerned. Forrest checked him out too. "You need me to heimlich your ass, man?" Riley shook his head no and swallowed hard and took a deep breath. "Whew! That's what I get for eating cookies without milk, I guess!"

>Buffy, glad to have something to do, jumped up. "Milk! Yes, of course! Be right back!" She headed to the side wall where the vending machines were.

>Riley watched her as she walked away, glad to have the chance to

appreciate the view of her well-toned body. Forrest leaned in. "Not bad Finn, not bad at all. But ain't you afraid you'll like, break her? She's pretty tiny."

>Without taking his eyes off Buffy, Riley grinned and answered.

"She's stronger than you think, Forrest."

>"Whatever, man," Forrest answered. "Oh, would you look at that. Teacher teacher!"

>Riley tuned Forrest out and grinned. He propped his elbows on the table, resting his chin on one fist and kept on enjoying the Buffy scenery. But then his grin faded as a dark-haired young man approached his table. "Hey Finn." Parker Abrams said, and nodded at Forrest. "Hey." Forrest nodded back silently.

>Riley's expression darkened, and he crossed his arms across his chest. "What." He said. He might have to be cordial but he sure didn't have to be friendly. But then again, he couldn't afford to piss Abrams off after decking him like he had. Forrest mimicked Riley's move; crossed arms and a stony expression. Oblivious to the two men's negative attitude, Parker dropped his book bag onto the table.

>"What's the reading for the next class? Oh hey, great, munchies, do ya mind?" Without waiting for an answer, Parker reached down and grabbed a few cookies.

>Riley compromised with himself. Ok, he decided. I *won't* jump up and grab him by the throat. So I can glare. "It's on the syllabus Abrams, I don't know it off the top of my head." Riley answered.

>"Oh, ok... cool." Parker said as he turned and saw Buffy at the vending machines, his face becoming a smug mask. He started to speak, but he turned and saw Riley's face.

>Forrest watched intently; he'd either hold Parker down for his buddy, or he'd keep him from beating the sh--stuffing out of him. Either way, he had Riley's back.

>Riley stared at Parker expectantly, thinking, "Oh just say something. Please say something. Please, give me a reason!" But Parker obviously remembered; it was clear in the way he snatched his book bag off the table and unconsciously rubbed his jaw with his hand, not noticing that he had dropped the cookies, uneaten, on the floor. He backed away with a little wave, "B-bye Finn..."

>Riley smirked to himself, and shared a quick grin with Forrest. His smirk faded when he saw that Buffy was slowly approaching the table, looking tentative and unsure, and Riley was angry at Parker all over again for putting that look on her face.

>"You're back!" he said to her, pulling her chair out without standing up. The smile Riley gave her, and the quick caress of her hair as she sat relieved Buffy, and she was able to keep her voice casual as she asked, "So, what did he want?"

>Riley rolled his eyes and answered, "Thinks I'm a walking talking course syllabus. Wanted to know the assignment and I told him to look it up. What a..." His voice trailed off. "Never mind, he's not worth even thinking about."

>Buffy nodded. "You got that right."

>Riley looked toward the pints of milk she'd set on the table. "Is one of those for me?"

>Buffy grinned and slid one over. "Of course! Wouldn't want you going all deprived." The affection in her eyes counteracted the teasing words, and Riley laughed as he tore open the cardboard container.

>Forrest rang in again, giving a long-winded story about a girl who had just come in. Buffy listened with less than half of her

attention, but still was surprised that Forrest had turned out to be such the little gossip. She smiled. And they say women are bad!

>Buffy's attention shifted from Forrest's ramblings when she realized that Riley was grabbing another cookie. She watched as he picked it up. He twisted it open and scraped the filling off with his bottom teeth, and Buffy did her best not to stare. Her attention was focused on his teeth, on his lips, his tongue, as it darted out to lick away the crumbs on his mouth.

>What am I doing! Buffy thought. Is it getting hot in here! She flashed back on their kisses the afternoon before in his room, his strong hands on her waist, on her back, his fingers touching her neck... She swallowed suddenly and took a breath. She told herself sternly, Focus Buff! This is research time, not hot and heavy fantasy time!

>The sound of Forrest's chair scraping backward as he stood shook her out of her reverie. He leaned forward and rested both hands on the table. "Ok Finn, I'm out. Gonna run down that new one there" he indicated with a motion of his head "and see what kinda action I can set up for tonight." He turned and left before either Buffy or Riley could say a word.

>Riley turned to Buffy. "Alone at last," he smiled. Before she could answer, his words were made a lie by the appearance of Willow. "Or not..." Buffy said quietly, as Willow rushed up to the table and said, "Oh god, oh good Buffy, I'm so glad I found you, I lost my keys, I think they're either on the bus or at Giles, oh hi Riley, or I left them in the room because we did leave together, I hope I didn't accidentally throw them away..."

>"Willow, slow down, slow down. I've got my keys. Here, sit for a second." Buffy said, patting the chair next to her. She reached in her bag and took out her keys and showed them to Willow. Willow plopped down in the chair and heaved a sigh of relief.

>"You have no idea Buffy, I've been all over campus looking for you, and I called the bus company, and--"

>Trying to stem the tide, Riley interrupted. "Here Willow, have a cookie."

>Willow shook her head. "No, I shouldn't, already too much sugar..." but even as the words left her mouth, her fingers contradicted her by reaching to take an oreo from the package. Buffy watched, fascinated, as Willow dunked her cookie into her milk, a small grin on her face. Then the redhead proceeded to eat around the center, taking tiny bites.

>"These are so good! I forgot how much I like them!" She would take a bite and then look at the cookie to sort of check the results, and then dunk and take another bite. Buffy watched her finish one cookie and start another, amazed at the little ritual. Willow looked up and realized that both Buffy and Riley were watching her.

>"What? What? Crumbs? Do I have stuff on my face?" she asked anxiously, her hands wiping at her cheeks, then her lips. Riley was smiling and shaking his head in the negative, but Willow didn't notice. She looked at Buffy, then down at the cookie,
and then back at Buffy. "NO!" Willow squawked, pushing the cookies away from her, waving her hands between Buffy and herself. "No no no... cookies! no cookies! Don't look, don't watch, no not like that... don't put *me* in your paper!"

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She snatched the keys from the table, and with continued flapping of hands and anxiety Willow skittered out of the room, still looking over her shoulder at Buffy and shaking her head no.

>
Buffy just smiled to herself. One more for the paper, Willow

didn't have to read it.

>
Riley interrupted her thoughts.

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"Ok, what was that all about?" Riley asked.

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Buffy tried to cover and do her best innocent face. "What was what about?"

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"Willow. With the freaking and the waving and the 'don't put me in your paper'. Why doesn't she want you to look at her?"

>
"No reason! She, uh, had a class?" Buffy offered.

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"You're working on a paper? Now?" Riley persisted.

>
"Paper? what paper!" Buffy protested.

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"You tell me! I know you're not working on anything for Walsh--except--wait, are you trying something for extra credit?" Riley asked.

>
Buffy decided to come clean. She'd keep it as academic and businesslike as possible, after all he was still her TA even though they were getting involved personally. After the kissage in his room the day before, they'd spent the day and far into the evening together, talking about everything and nothing at all. It had been wonderful, and now, here they were again. Ok, so yeah, TA to student. No big.

>
"Yep. I'm working on one of the ideas she gave, to observe behavior and then draw conclusions based on what I saw." Buffy looked at Riley hopefully.

>
"And you're... watching people eat cookies?" Riley asked, puzzled and obviously angling for more information.

>
Buffy pulled the Cosmo from Giles' out and showed it to him.

"Oreos! I'm watching how people eat oreos and drawing conclusions..." She trailed off as Riley took the magazine for her and zeroed in on the question she'd circled. "How to tell...." he swallowed and looked at Buffy, his blue eyes piercing, the atmosphere suddenly charged between them. "Interesting idea. There's just one catch, though."

>
"A c-c-catch?" Buffy stuttered, surprised by the chemistry that had just crackled to life.

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Riley gave a little smile. "Yeah. The only problem with this is that your conclusions can't be supported with first-hand experience. Or at least, I assume they can't be." He thought of Parker and grimaced. "In almost every case, right?"

>
Buffy was confused. "Huh? I mean, I was there, first hand, watching everyone with the cookies."

>
Riley grinned and said, "No, I mean your *conclusions*. I'm assuming you're taking their eating, methods and extrapolating that to their, uh, sexual behavior?"

>
Buffy nodded, desperately hoping that she wasn't blushing.

>
Riley went on. "Well, unless you have first-hand experience of them in bed to back you up, your conclusions are invalid." He raised his eyebrows suggestively and leaned back in his chair.

>
Buffy sputtered. "First... first-hand..." and as the meaning of what he'd said really hit her, her mouth dropped to a big O. "First hand! of, of, Willow, and Forrest, and Xander... OH my! No, of course, of course not! I never thought of that! EWWWW! Well poo. No extra credit there. I don't want to raise my grade that bad!"

>
Then Riley surprised her.

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"Your turn." he said.

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"Huh?" Buffy asked.

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Riley held out a cookie. "Last one. You eat it. I'll observe for you."

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She took it, momentarily distracted by the warmth of his fingers as they brushed against hers.

>
Buffy looked at him. "Huh? You said, no paper, no extra credit, no need then, right?"

>
Riley grinned and kept holding the cookie toward her. "Fair is fair."

>
Buffy shook her head. "Uhhh, don't know what you're expecting here, Mr. Psycho grad student... nothing to see, move along, move along."

>
"No, come on, you got to draw unsubstantiated conclusions about me from my eating habits. It's only fair that I get to do the same."

>
She raised her eyebrows at him quizzically, thinking, you keep looking at me like that, commando, and those conclusions won't be unsubstantiated for long. Then Buffy looked at the cookie in the palm of her hand. "You sure you don't want? Half? I'll share."

>
"No, no. I've had plenty. Feast away."

>
"Feast." Buffy lifted it to her mouth and then burst out laughing. "I can't do this with you staring!"

>
Riley cocked his head to the side and said in a heavy mock-german accent, "Und just how long haff you velt dis vay, Miz Summers?"

>
Still laughing, she protested, "Stop!"

>
"Dis zounds like a problem wit de mutter. Und de potty training. Tell me morr about dis..." and then Riley started laughing too, no longer able to keep up his Sigmund Freud imitation.

>
Finally catching her breath, she said, "Oh, ok. Now it's been a while, how did I used to eat these when Mom put them into my lunch box. If I didn't just dip them in apple juice and stuff my face..."

>
She quickly twisted the chocolate pieces apart, and said, "The goal is to get all the white stuff on only one side of the cookie."

>
Buffy looked and said with glee, "Score! Yes! All on one!"

>
Riley watched, bemused. Buffy used her bottom front teeth to scrape the filling into her mouth and chewed and swallowed it. Then she put the two black pieces back together and stuffed them in her mouth. Giving Riley a happy grin while avoiding a chew and show, she sat back. When she could finally swallow, she said, "Ok Mr. Shrinky Dink, what's your take?"

>
Riley smiled and moved his chair just a little closer. He spoke in fairly low tones. Not really necessary, it was dinner time and most of the other students were clearing out to go to the dining hall. "Well let's see. You offered to share. You're probably very generous and... accommodating. Mutual would be a good word to describe it. And unusual, maybe, from the twisting and the putting back together. So probably not, always in the dark under the covers with the doors locked?"

>
Buffy felt herself begin to flush as Riley speculated on her lovemaking. His warm, low voice, meant only for her ears, his intense stare drew her in, and she found herself leaning toward him.

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"You enjoy every aspect... that's good. Didn't neglect any part of the... cookie. So you probably, uh, immerse into the whole experience."

>
"Immerse. Ohhh." Buffy breathed.

>
"That's about it, off the top of my head." Riley answered and swallowed hard. His eyes focused on her mouth. "Crumb."

>
"Crumb?" Buffy asked, suddenly surprised and taken out of the sensual spell that had begun.
>
Her lips. Her moist, soft-looking lips. Little tiny dark crumb right on her lip line. Ohhh.
>
"Let me..." Riley breathed. He leaned over further, very close. His lips almost touched her, and his warm breath and the smell of him made Buffy close her eyes and tip her head back the tiniest bit.

>

>
Riley very, very, softly traced his tongue up the center of her bottom lip. Buffy's mouth opened almost involuntarily and a small groan escaped. The sound short circuited his teasing intentions, stunning him. He leaned, she moved, and he gently took her upper lip between his lips. Buffy instinctively closed her mouth, caressing his bottom lip and pulling it just a little into the warm cavern of her mouth. Riley tilted his head slightly and opened his mouth, wanting more, wanting to taste every part of her. Buffy opened to him, feeling his warm tongue sweep into her, welcoming it and caressing it with her own. Riley reached to her and held her head gently in his large hands, she placed her smaller hands on his and just kept kissing him. Hunger and passion grew in him and he clasped her closer, closer, taking and touching and feeling and plundering her mouth. Buffy whimpered...

>
After a few moments or a hundred years, a sharp throat-clearing sound brought them both back to reality and Riley opened his eyes to see his other buddy Graham Miller standing in front of them with the slightest bit of a smile brightening his usually stoic expression. Quickly but with great reluctance, Riley disengaged his mouth from Buffy's. The protesting whimper she gave in the second before she opened her eyes and saw the reason for his withdrawal enflamed Riley, he wanted to carry her upstairs right then, the entire Initiative be damned. But his brother-in-arms quashed any thoughts along those lines. "Riley, there's a crisis. Sorry man, but you're needed." He gave the two of them an amused but friendly smirk, and turned and began walking away. "Finn? You coming?"

>
Riley scrambled to his feet. "Yes." He looked plaintively at Buffy, trying to, wanting to explain, knowing he couldn't, but hating to leave her. "Buffy, uh..." Buffy ducked her head and swallowed, working hard to manage to speak. "Go. Go, you have crisis-ey stuff to deal with. I've got to think of another project." Buffy said, looking at him with a crooked little smile playing across her lips. Riley smiled back, overwhelmed by the conflict between his duty and the need to feel her lips on his again. The only thing he could think to say before he hurried off was, "Thanks for the cookies."

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The End

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End
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